THE FORESTER'S **DAUGHTER**

A Romance of the Bear Tooth Range

By HAMLIn GARLAND

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CHAPTER XII.

The Death Grapple. **FOU** have been very considerate of me, Miss Supervisor.' Wayland took her hand. "I've never seen such kands. They are like steel and yet they are feminine.

She drew her hands away. "I'm ashamed of my hands-they are so big and rough and dingy."

"They're brown, of course, and caland they are beautifully modeled." He looked at the girl of the forest

speculatively. "I am wondering how you would look in conventional dress."

"I'd look like a gawk in one of those and those tight skirts would sure cripple me.

'Oh, no, they wouldn't. You'd have anything."

"You're making fun of mel"

'No, I'm not. I'm in earnest. You're the kind of American girl that can go anywhere and do anything. My sisters would mortgage their share of the golden streets for your abounding left to live for."
health—and so would L."

There was so

"You are all right now," she smiled. "You don't look or talk as you did."

"It's this sunlight." He lifted a spread hand as if to clutch and hold omething. "I feel it sonking into me like some magical oil. No more moping and whining for me. I've proved that hardship is good for me."

"Don't crow till you're out of the woods. It's a long ride down the hill and going down is harder on the tenderfoot than going up."

"I'm no longer a tenderfoot. All I need is another trip like this with you and I shall be a master trailer."

All this was very sweet to her, and though she knew they should be going she lingered. Childishly reckless of the sinking sun, she played with the wild flowers at her side and listened to his voice in complete content. He was right. The hour was too beautiful to be shortened, although she saw no reason why others equally delightful might not come to them both. He was more of the lover than he had ever been before, that she knew, and in the light of his eyes all that was not girlish and charming melted away. She forgot her heavy shoes, her rough hands and sun tanned face and listened with wondering joy and pride to his words, which were of a fineness such as she had never heard spoken-only books contained such unusual and exquisite phrases.

A cloud passing across the sun flung down a shadow of portentous chill and darkness. She started to her feet with startled recollection of the place and the hour,

"We must be going-at once!" she commanded.

"Not yet," he pleaded. "It's only a The sun is coming out again. | remorse. cloud. I have perfect confidence in your wooderaft. Why not spend another night on the trail? It may be our last trip together."

He tempted her strongly, so frank and boyish and lovable were his glances and his words. But she was vaguely afraid of herself, and though the long ride at the moment seemed hard and dull the thought of her mother waiting decided her action.

"No, nol" she responded firmly. "We have wasted too much time already. We must ride."

He looked up at her with challenging glance. "Suppose I refuse-suppose I decide to stay here?"

Upon her as he talked a sweet hesitation fell, a dream which held more of happiness than she had ever known. "It is a long, hard ride," she thought, "and another night on the trail will not matter." And so the moments passed on velvet feet, and still she lingered reluctant to break the spell.

Suddenly into their idyllic drowse of content, so sweet, so youthful and so pure of heart, broke the sound of a horse's hurrying, clashing steel shod feet, and, looking up, Berrie saw a mounted man coming down the mountain side with furious, reckiess haste.

"It is CHff!" she cried out. "He's on our trail!" And into her face came a look of alarm. Her lips paled; her eyes widened. "He's mad-he's dangerous! Leave him to me," she added.

There was something so sinister in the rider's disregard of stone and tree and pace, something so menacing in the forward thrust of his body, that Berrie was able to dvine his wrath and was amitten into irresolution, all her hardy, boyish self reliance swallowed up in the weakness of the wom-She forgot the platel at her belt and awalted the assault with rigid

As Beiden neared them Norcross also perceived that the rider's face was distorted with passion and that his glance was not directed upon Berrie, but upon himself, and he braced himself for the

+++++++++++++++++ rival with the fury of a panther.

The slender youth went down before the big rancher as though struck by a igainst the stony earth stunned him so that he lay beneath his enemy as helpess as a child.

Belden snarled between his teeth, "J old you I'd kill you, and I will?" But this was not to be. Berea suddenly recovered her native force. With

a cry of pain, of anger, she flung herself on the maddened man's back. Her bands encircled his neck like a collar of bronze.

"Let go!" she commanded, with deady intensity. "Let go or I'll choke the life out of you! Let go, I say!"

******************* He raised a hand to beat her off, but she was too strong, too desperate to be driven away. She was as blind to pain as a mother eagle and bent above him throat, she ran the fingers of her other hand into his hair and twisted his head upward with a power which be could not resist. And so, looking into his with remorseless fury, "Let go, I say!"

mouth gaped, his tongue protruded. loused-a little-but they are not big and at last, releasing his hold on his victim, he rose, flinging Berrie off with

a final desperate effort. "I'll kill you, tool" be gasped.

Up to this moment the girl had felt "Do you mean"- She hesitated. no fear of herself, but now she resorted to other weapons. Snatching her low necked outfits. I'd never dare- pistol from its holster, she leveled it at his forehead. "Stop!" she said, and something in her voice froze him into calm. He was not a flend; he was not to modify your stride a little, but a deliberate assassin; he was only a you'd negotiste it. You're equal to jealous, despairing, lusane lover, and as he looked into the face he knew so well and realized that nothing but hate and deadly resolution lit the eyes he had so often kissed his heart gave way, and, dropping his head, he said: "Kill me if you want to. I've nothing

There was something unreal, appalling in this sudden reversion to weak-



Belden snarled between his teeth, told you I'd kill you, and I will!"

ness, and Berrie could not credit his "Give me your gun," she said.

He surrendered it to her, and she threw it aside, then turned to Wayland, who was lying white and still with face upturned to the sky. With a moan of anguish she bent above him and called upon his name. He did not stir, and when she lifted his head to her lap his hair, streaming with blood, strined her dress. She kissed him and called again to him, then turned with accusing frenzy to Belden: "You've killed him! Do you hear? You've killed him!"

The agony, the fury of hate in her voice reached the heart of the conquered man. He raised his head and stared at her with mingled fear and remorse. And so across that limp ody these two souls, so lately lovers, looked into each other's eyes as though nothing but words of bate and leathing had ever passed between them. The girl saw in him only a savage, vengeful, bloodthirsty beast; the man confronted to her an accusing angel.

"I didn't mean to kill him," he mut-"Yes, you did! You meant it. You

crushed his life out with your big bands-and now I'm going to kill you

A flerce calm had come upon her. Some faroff uncestral deep of passion called for blood revenge. She lifted the weapon with steady hand and pointed it at his beart.

His fear passed as his wrath had passed, Ills head drooped, his glance wavered. "Shoot!" he commanded sulienly. "I'd sooner die than live-now." His words, his tone, brought back to her a vision of the man be had seemed when she first met and admired him-Her band fell, the woman in her reasserted Itself. A wave of weakness, of indecision, of passionate grief overwhelmed her. "Oh, Cliff!" she moaned. "Why did you do it? He was so gon-

tle and sweet." He did not answer. His glance wandered to his horse, serenely cropping turned away and re-entered the tent. the grass in utter disregard of this tu-

Leaving his saddle with one flying multuous human drama, but the wind, leap, which the cowboy practices at less insensate than the brute, swept ed pines with a desolate, sympathetic moan which filled the man's heart with a new and exalted sorrow. "You're catapult, and the force of his fall right," he said. "I was crazy. I de-

serve killing." But Berrie was now too deep in her own desolation to care what he said or did. She kissed the cold lips of the still youth, murmuring passionately, "I don't care to live without you; I shall go with you!" Belden's hand was on her wrist be-

fore she could raise the weapon. "Don't, for God's sake; don't do that! He may not be dead!" She responded but dully to the sug-

gestion. "No, no. He's gone. His breath is gone."

"Maybe not. Let me see." Again she bent to the quiet face on which the sunlight fell with mocking spleador. It seemed all a dream till so closely that he could not bring the she felt once more the stain of his full weight of his fist to bear. With blood upon her hands. It was all so inone determind hand still clutching his credibly sudden. Only just now he was exulting over the warmth and beauty of the day-and now-

How beautiful he was. He seemed sleep. The conies crying from their upturned ferocious eyes, she repeated runways suddenly took on polgnant pathos. They appeared to be grieving His swollen face grew rigid, his with her, but the eagles spoke of re-

> A sharp cry, a note of joy sprang from her lips. "He is alive! I saw his eyellds quiver! Quick! Bring some water!"

The man leaped to his feet and, running down to the pool, filled his sombrero with fcy water. He was as enger now to save his rival as he had been mad to destroy him. "Let me help," he pleaded. But she would not permit him to touch the body.

Again, while splashing the water upon his face, the girl called upon her love to return. "He hears me!" she exulted to her enemy. "He is brenthing now! He is opening his eyes!"

The wounded man did, indeed, open his eyes, but his look was a blank, uncomprehending stare, which plunged her back into despair. "He don't know me!" she said, with piteous accent. She now perceived the source of the blood upon her arm. It came from a wound in the boy's head which had been dushed upon a stone.

The sight of this wound brought back the blaze of accusing anger to her "See what you did!" she said, eyes. with cold malignity. Then by sudden shift she bent to the sweet face in her arms and kissed it passionately. "Open your eyes, darling. You must not die! I won't let you die! Can't you hear me? Don't you know where you are?"

He opened his eyes once more, quietly, and looked up into her face with a faint, drowsy smile. He could not yet locate himself in space and time, but he knew her and was comforted,

Slowly the youth's eyes took on expression. "Are we still on the hill?" he asked.

"Yes, dearest," she assured him. Then to Belden, "He knows where he

Wayland again struggled with real ity. "What has happened to me?" You fell and hurt your head."

He turned slightly and observed the other man looking down at her with dark and tragic glance. "Hello, Belden," he said feeldy. "How came you here?" Then noting Berrie's look, he added: "I remember. He tried to kill me." He again searched his antagoface, "Why didn't you finish th Job?"

The girl tried to turn his thought "It's all right now, darling. He won't make any more trouble. Don't mind him. I don't care for anybody now you are coming back to me."

Wayland wonderingly regarded the face of the girl. "And you-are you burt?"

"No, I'm not hurt, I am perfectly happy now." She turned to Belden with quick, authoritative command. "Unsaddle the horses and set up the We won't be able to leave here tent.

tonight." He rose with instant obedience, glad of a chance to serve her, and soon had the tent pegged to its place and the bedding unrolled. Together they lifted the wounded youth and laid him upon his blankets beneath the low canvas roof which seemed heavenly helpful to Berea.

"There?" she said caressingly. "Now you are safe, no matter whether it rains or not."

He smiled, "It seems I'm to have my way after all. I hope I shall be able to see the sun rise. I've sort of lost my interest in the sunset."

"Now, Cliff," she said as soon as the camp was in order and a fire started, 'I reckon you'd better ride on. haven't any further use for you."

"Don't say that, Berrie," he pleaded. I can't leave you here alone with a sick man. Let me stay and heip." She looked at him for a long time sefore she replied. "I shall never be

able to look at you again without hating you," she said. "I shall always remember you as you looked when you were killing that boy. So you'd better ride on and keep a-riding. I'm going to forget all this just as soon as I can, and it don't help me any to have you around. I never want to see you or hear your name again."

"You don't mean that, Berrie!" "Yes, I do," she asserted bitterly. "I mean just that. So saddle up and pull out. All I ask of you is to say nothing about what has happened here. You'd better leave the state. if Wayland should get worse it might go hard with

He accepted his banishment. "All right. If you feel that way I'll ride. But I'd like to do something for you before I go. I'll plie up some wood"-

"No. I'll take care of that." And without another word of farewell she Mounting his horse with painful slow-

play, Beiden hurled himself upon his through the grove of dwarfed, distort- the mountain, his head bent low, his to her, to meet her glance, pleased him. eyes upon the ground.

> CHAPTER XIII. Berrie's Vigil.

S Wayland's mind cleared he be came curious to know precisewhat had taken place, but be did not feel free to ask her. "She will tell me if she wishes me to know." That she had vanquished Belden and sent him on his way was evident, although he had not to him at the last. What lay between the enemy's furious onslaught and the ald he lent in making the camp could only be surmised, "I wonder if she used her pistol?" Wayland asked himself. "Something like death must have stared him in the face."

That she loved him with the complete passion of her powerful and simple nature he knew, for her voice had reached through the daze of his semiunconsciousness with thrilling power. The touch of her lips to his, the close clasp of her strong arms were of ever greater convincing quality. And yet he wished the revelation had come in some other way. His pride was abraded. His manhood seemed somehow lessened. It was a disconcerting reversal of the ordinary relations between hero and beroine, and he saw no way of re-establishing the normal attitude of the male.

Entirely unaware of what was passing in the mind of her patient Berrie went about her duties with a cheerfulness which astonished the sufferer in the tent. She seemed about to hum a song as she set the skillet on the fire, but a moment later she called out. in a tone of irritation, "Here comes

"I'm glad of that," answered Wayland; although he perceived something of her displeasure.

Nash, on his way to join the supervisor, raised a friendly greeting as he saw the girl and drew rein, "I expected to meet you farther down the hill," he said. "Tony phoned that you had started. Where did you leave the supervisor?"

"Over at the station waiting for you. Where's your outfit?"

"Camped down the trail a mile or so. I thought I'd better push through tonight. What about Norcross? Isn't he with you?"

She besitated an instant. "He's in the tent. He fell and struck his head on a rock, and I had to go into camp iere. Nash was deeply concerned, "Is that

so? Well, that's hard luck. Is he badly hurt?" "Well, he had a terrible fall. But he's easier now. I think he's asleep." "May I look in on him?"

"I don't think you'd better take the time. It's a long, hard ride from here to the station. It will be deep night before you can make it"-

"Don't you think the supervisor would want me to camp here tonight and do what I could for you? If Norcross is badly injured you will need

She liked Nash, and she knew he was right, and yet she was reluctant to give up the pleasure of her love vigil. "He's not in any danger, and we'll be able to ride on in the morn Nash, thinking of her as Clifford Bel-

den's promised wife, had no suspicion of her feeling toward Norcross. Therefore he gently urged that to go on was quite out of order, "I can't think of leaving you here alone-certainly not till I see Norcross and find out how badly he is hurt."

She yielded. "I reckon you're right," she said. "I'll go see if he is awake." He followed her to the door of the tent, apprehending something new and inexplicable in her attitude. In the music of her voice as she spoke to the sick man was the love note of the mate. "You may come in," she called back, and Nash, stooping, entered the

small tent. "Hello, old man! What you been doing with yourself? Hitting the high snots?"

Norcross smiled feebly. "No, the hill flew up and bumped me."

"How did it all happen?" "I don't exactly know. It all came

of a sudden. I had no share in it. I didn't go for to do it." "Whether you did or not, you seem

to have made a good job of it." Nash examined the wounded man carefully, and his skill and strength in handling Norcross pleased Berrie. though she was jealous of the warm friendship which seemed to exist be-

tween the men. She had always liked Nash, but she resented him now, especially as be insisted on taking charge of the case. but she gave way finally and went back to her pots and pans with pensive countenance.

A little later, when Nash came out to make report, she was not very gracious in her manner, "He's pretty badly hurt," he said. "There's an ugly gash in his scaip, and the shock has produced a good deal of pain and confusion in his head, but he's going to be all right in a day or two. For a man seeking rest and recuperation he certainly has had a rough run of weath-

Through a serious minded, honorable forester, determined to keep sternly in mind that he was in the presence of the daughter of his chief, and that she was engaged to marry another, Nash was, after all, a man, and the witchery of the hour, the charm of the girl's graceful figure, asserted their power over him. His eyes grew tender, and his voice eloquent in spite of himself. His words he could guard, but it was hard to keep from his speech the soug of the lover. The thought that he was all his reserve. to camp in her company, to help her

ness, as though suddenly grown old, about the fire, to see her from moment the reprieved assassin rode away up to moment, with full liberty to speak It was the most romantic and moving rather dry and analytic temperament he had a sense of poesy.

The night, black, oppressive and silent, brought a closer bond of mutual help and understanding between them

She grew triendller and asked him about his work and especially about his ambitions and plans for the future. They discussed the forest and its en-emies, and he wondered at her freedom in speaking of the mill and saloon been able to hear what she had said He said: "Of course you know that Alec Belden is a partner in that business, and I'm told-of course I don't know this-that Clifford Belden is also interested."

She offered no defense of young Bet den, and this unconcern puzzled him He had expected indignant protest, but she merely replied: "I don't care who owns it. It should be rooted out. I hate that kind of thing. It's just another way of robbing those poor tie facks.

"Clifford should get out of it. Can't you persuade him to do so?" "I don't think I can."

"His relationship to you"-"He is not related to me."

Her tone amazed bim, "You know what I mean."

"Of course I do, but you're mistaken We're not related that way any longer." This silenced him for a few moments, then he said: "I'm rather glad of that. Be isn't anything like the man you thought he was-I couldn't say these things before-but he is as greedy as Alec, only not so open about it."

All this comment, which moved the forester so deeply to utter, seemed not to interest Berea. She sat staring at the fire with the calm brow of an Indian. Clifford Belden had passed out of her life as completely as he had vanished out of the landscape. She felt an immense relief at being rid of him and resented his being brought back even as a subject of conversation.

Wayland, listening, fancied he understood her desire and said nothing that might arouse Nash's curiosity.

Nash on his part, knowing that she had broken with Belden, began to un



She Sat Staring at the Fire With the Calm Brow of an Indian.

derstand the tenderness, the unxious care of her face and voice, as she bent above young Norcross. As the night deepened and the cold air stung, he asked, "Have you plenty of blankets for a bed?" "Oh, yes," she answered, "but I don't

intend to sleep." "Oh. you must!" he declared. "Go to bed. I will keep the fire going." At last she consented. "I will make my bed right here at the mouth of the

tent close to the fire," she said, "and you can call me if you need me." "Why not put your bed in the tent? It's going to be cold up here."

"I am all right outside," she protested. "Put your bed inside, Miss Berrie, We can't let conventions count above timber line. I shall rest better if I

know you are properly sheltered." And so it happened that for the third time she shared the same roof with her lover. But the nurse was upper most in her now,

Nash was the first to arise in the durk of dawn, and Berrie, awakened by the crackle of his fire, soon joined him.

"If you'll round up our borses, Mr. Nash, I'll rustle brenkfast and we'll get going," she said. Nash, enthralled, lingered while sh twisted her bair into place, then went

out to bring in the ponies. Wayland came out a little uncertain ly, but looking very well, "I think I shall discourage my friends from coming to this region for their bealth." he said ruefully. "If I were a novelist

now all this would be grist for my mill." Beneath his joking he was profound ly chagrined. He had hoped by this time to be as sinewy, as alert as Nash, instead of which here he sat, shivering over the fire like a sick girl, his head swollen, his blood sluggish, but this discouragement only increased Berea's tenderness-n tenderness which meited

"I'm not worth all your care," he said .

to her, with polgnant glance. The sun rose clear and warm, and the fire, the coffee, put new courage episode in his life, and though of a into him as well as into the others. and while the morning was yet early and the forest chill and damp with weaken. Please forgive his and the forest chill and damp with complaints. I'm done, we

horses and started packing the outfit. In this Berrie again took part, doing her half of the work quite as dextrous ly as Nash himself. Indeed, the forester was noticeably confused and not quite up to his usual level of adroit

At last both packs were on, and as they stood together for a moment Nash said: "This has been a great experience -one I shall remember as long as I

admiration. "I'm mightily obliged to you," she replied, as heartly as she could command. "Don't thank me, I'm indebted to you. There is so little in my life of

such companionship as you and Nor cross give me." He belped Norcross mount his horse and as he put the lead rope into Ber rie's hand he said, with much feeling: "Good luck to you. I shall remembe this night all the rest of my life, Miss

Herrie.

"I hate to be going to the rear," call ed Wayland, whose bare, bandaged head made him look like a wounded roung officer. "But I guess it's better for me to lay off a week or two and recover my tone."

And so they parted, the surveyor riding his determined way up the naked mountain side toward the clouds, while Berrie and her ward plunged at once hato the dark and dripping forest below. "If you can stand the grief," she

said, "we'll go clear through." Her caution was all for him. She tried each dangerous slough first and thus was able to advise him which way was safest. His head throbbed with pain and his knees were weary, but he rode on.

At last they came into open ground on a high ridge and were gladdened by the valley outspread below them, for it was still radiant with color, though not as brilliant as before the rain. At 1 o'clock on the bank of a clear

stream the girl halted. "I reckon we'd better camp awhile. You look tired, and I am bungry."-

She unsaddled one pack animal and sprend some blankets on the grass. 'Lie down and rest while I boll some coffee," she commanded, and he obeyed, too tired to make pretension toward assisting.

Lying so, feeling the magic of the sun, hearing the music of the water and watching the girl, he regained a serener mood, and when she came back with his food be thanked ber for it with a glance before which her eyes fell. "I don't see why you are so kind to me. I really believe you like to do things for me." Her head drooped to hide her face, and he went on: "Why do you care for me? Tell me!"

"I don't know," she murmured. Then she added, with a flash of bravery. "What a mystery It all is! You turn

from a splendid fellow like Landon to 'skate' like me. Landon worships you-you know that-don't you?" know-be"- she ended, vaguely

distressed. "Did he ask you to marry him?" "Yes."

"Why didn't you? He's just the mate for you. He's a man of high character and education." She made no answer to this, and he went on: "Dear girl, I'm not worth your caretruly, I'm not. I resented your engagement to Belden, for he was a brute, but Landon is different. He thinks the world of you. He'll go bigh in the service. I've never done anything in the world-I never shall. It will be better for you if I go-tomor-

row." She took his hand and pressed it to ber cheek, then, putting her arm about his neck, drew him to her bosom and kissed him passionately. "You break my heart when you talk like that," she protested, with tears. "You mustn't say such gloomy things-I won't let you give up. You shall come right home with me, and I will nurse you till you are well. It was all my fault."

"I will not have it go that way," he said. "I've brought you only care and unhappiness thus far. I'm an alienmy ways are not your ways."

"I can change," she answered, hate my ways, and I like yours,"

As they argued she felt no shame. and he volced no resentment. She knew his mood. She understood his doubt, his depression. She pleaded as n man might have done, ready to prove her love, eager to restore his self respect, while he remained both bitter and sadly contemptuous.

A cow hand riding up the trail greeted Berrie respectfully, but a cynical smile broke out on his lips as he passed on. Another witness; another gos sip.

She did not care. She had no fur ther concern of the valley's comment. Her life's happiness hung on the droop ing eyelashes of this wounded boy, and to win him back to cheerful acceptance of life was her only concern.

"I've never had any motives," he confessed. "I've always done what pleased me at the moment-or because it was easier to do as others were doing. I went to college that way. Truth is, I never had any surplus vitality, and my father never demanded anything of me. I haven't any mo tives now. A few days ago I was interested in forestry. At this time it all seems futile. What's the use of my trying to live?"

> CHAPTER XIV. The Gossips Awake. ERRIE was frightened for Way land, and as she thought of the tong ride still before them all wrung her hands, "Oh, who

shall I do? What shall I doy monned.

Instantly smitten into thing. manifer mood, he said: "Don't was about me. Please don't. I car di I'm feeling better. You most complaints. I'm done! You'll be hear it again. Come! Let us go a can ride."

"If we can teach Miller's mach. "I can ride to your ranch!" be dead ed, and rose with such new found be

lution that she stared at bim in a He was able to smile. "I've lada little crying speil. I've relived heart of its lond I didn't man agonize you. It was only a sleet He put his hand to his head when

She stirred uneasily under his frank be a comfeat figure." His sudden reversal to cherr and little alarming to her, but at least she perceived that he had in truly tered his depression, and, bringing the horses, she saidfied them and be ed him to mount. "If you get that feel worse tell me, and we'll min camp," she urged as they were the

to start. "You keep going till I give the say he replied, and his voice was so in and clear that her own sunny and came back. "I don't know what a make of you," she said, "I recket pa must be a poet."

It was dark when they reached is village, but Wayland declared his as ity to go on, aithough his women head was throbbing with fever and he was clinging to the pommel of he at dle; so Berrie rode on. Mrs. McFarlane, hearing the bene

on the bridge, was at the door of received her daughter with wondering question, while the stable hands que to detect an injured man, burried a lift Norcross down from his middle. "What's the matter?" repeated Ma McFarlane.

"He fell and struck his head on a stone," Berea hastily explained. "The the horses, boys! Mother and I will ook out for Mr. Norcross." The men obeyed her and fell bet

but they were consumed with omaity, and their glances irritated thegin Slip the packs at once," she limited With instant sympathy her make came to her aid in supporting the wounded, weary youth indoors, and is he stretched out on the couch in the sitting room he remarked with a false

fronte smile, "This bents any bed at balsam boughs." "Where's your father?" asked Ma.

McFarlane of her daughter. "He's over on the Pformigan. I'm a powerful lot to tell you, mother, but not now; we must look after Wayland He's nearly done up, and so um L" Mrs. McFarlane winced a little it her daughter's use of Norcross' for

name, but she said nothing further a the moment, although she watched Berrie closely while she took off Wapland's shoes and stockings and rubbel bis ley feet. "Get him something het as quick as you can!" she commanded and Mrs. McFariane obeyed without word. Gradually the tremor passed out a his limbs and a delicious sense of

warmth, of safety, stole over him and he closed his eyes in the comfort of her presence and care. "Rigorous bus ness this life of the pioneer," be sol with mocking inflection, "I think! prefer a place in the humber trust" "Don't talk." she said. Then with a

rush of tender remorse: "Why didn't you tell me to stop? I didn't real that you were so tired. We could have stopped at the Springs." "I didn't know how tired I was till ! got here. Gee," he said boyishly, "the

doorknob at the back of my head b

redbot! You're good to me," he added

humbly. She hated to have him resume that tone of self depreciation, and, kneells to him, she kissed his cheek and mil her head beside his. "You're splendid" she insisted. "Nobody could be been er, but you should have told me per were exhausted. You fooled me with

your cheerful answers."

clasping arms, as a part of the reco from the darkness and pain of the long ride, careless of what it might bring to him in the future. He ate his toast and drank his coffee and permitted the women to lead him to his room. and then being alone he crept into his bed and fell instantly asleep.

He accepted her loving praise, by

Berrie and her mother went back # the sitting room, and Mrs. McFarine closed the door behind them. "Now tell me all about it." she said is the tone of one not to be denied.

(Continued next Saturday.)

HESE two great qualities Comfort - Convenience surround you at Hotel Nortonia Anything that inspire these qualities that encounages good cheer-is sure tobe hailed with acclaim. Whole some foods -- temptined served -- are delightful--ful one full of snap and good humor - bound to. Blan the day with a Norteria meal-the kind that sustans -- be happy. Rooms with privilege of bath \$1 or more the day. Rooms with private both \$1.50 or more the day The thing that appeals medicas